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[THE following are original communications from the author of the *Songs of Israel*, whom we are happy to rank among our regular contributors.—*Editor.*]

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

(Genesis xxxv. 19.)

AND Rachel lies in Ephrath's land, Beneath her lonely oak of weeping ; With mouldering heart, and withering hand, The sleep of death for ever springing.	The Winter sends his drenching shower, And sweeps his howling blast around her ; But earthly storms possess no power, To break the slumber that hath bound her ;
'The Spring comes smiling down the vale, The lilies and the roses bringing ; But Rachel never more shall hail The flowers that in the world are springing.	Thus round and round the Seasons go,— But joy or grief no more betide her ; For Rachel's bosom could not know, Tho' friends were housed in death beside her.
'The Summer gives his radiant day, And Jewish Dames the dance are treading ; But Rachel on her couch of clay, Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.	Yet time shall come, as prophets say, Whose dreams with glorious things are blended, When seasons on their changeful way Shall wend not as they long have wended.
The Autumn's ripening sun beam shines, And reapers to the field is calling ; But Rachel's voice no longer joins, The choral song at twilight's falling.	Yes, time shall come, when flowers that bloom Shall meet no storm their bloom to wither— When friends, rejoicing from the tomb, ¹ Have gone to heavenly climes together.

ELIJAH IN HOREB.

(1 Kings, xix. 9—16.)

FROM Jezebel's pursuing wrath, The heathen Queen who sought his death, Elijah made his lone abode In Horeb's hill—the mount of God.	The earthquake passed—a fire of dread The glowing firmament o'erspread ; As when the Lord to guilty souls Speaks—and the rattling thunder rolls.
And there within his desert cave Of grief and gloom—a living grave, The Prophet heaved his lonely sigh, And prayed, with fervent heart, to die.	But in the wind that rent the rock, Or in the earthquake's fearful shock ; Or in the radiant fire that shot Athwart the sky—the Lord was not.
The Lord passed by—a strong wind blew, The mountains shook like drops of dew ; And like the hoar-frost on the ground, The shattered rocks lay strewed around.	And, then, there came a still small voice, That made the Prophet's heart rejoice ; A still small voice, with soothing words Of hope and peace—it was the Lord's !
The wind was stilled—an earthquake came, Like ague through creation's frame ; And even the firm established earth Trembled like child of human birth.	Elijah left his lone abode, Confiding in his guardian God ; And journeyed on to Syria's land, To execute the Lord's command.